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CHILLY RECEPTION FOR SUITOR

Slightly Misunderstood by the Mother of His Adored One.

In a neighboring city, says the Albany Press and Knickerbocker, lives a young man whose name is Carr. Carr is deeply smitten with the charms of a young woman who resides with her mother in a pretty villa near Sand-lake on the line of the Troy and New England railroad. He asked permission of his inamorata to call upon her at her home, and the young woman accorded him the privilege. Now, the cars on the Troy and New England road are not yet running on the summer schedule, and often villagers at Averill Park and the simple farmer folk of Rensselaer who patronize the road are compelled to wait many minutes for a vehicle. Mr. Carr reached the villa where his Juliet resided, and pressed the electric button at the door. The ring was answered by the mother of the young woman. The latter had never seen the young man. "I'm Mr. Carr," he said, bowing profoundly.

"Um-er-well," was the reply which staggered him. "You may sit on the stoop until one comes along."

Five minutes later the daughter told her mother she expected a caller, and asked who had rung the bell. She was informed that there was a young man sitting on the stoop who had missed his car. The daughter rushed through the blinds and saw her lover perched disconsolately on the steps. He was quickly within the portals and mutual explanations followed.

WORLD WIDE TRADE OF MURANO

For Centuries Center of Manufacture of Venetian Beads.

The most limited trade that sends its productions to every land is the making of the so-called venetian glass beads, which are made on the island of Murano.

For centuries these beads have been made in one piece by the descendants of a few families, yet ever since Europeans began to trade with savage tribes these beads have been an almost universal article of barter, and since the present fashion of long necklaces strung with beads and charms has come into vogue in Europe the trade in them has been more widely extended still, though in recent years imitations of them have been made in Birmingham.

Another strictly confined industry which is the center of a world-wide trade is the cultivation and preparation of orris root, which is the basis of most manufactured perfumes. This is confined entirely to the districts round Florence and Verona.

Toothpicks Tabooed.

Whether or not the final course at a meal shall be toothpicks is a mooted question. Many say no, and have good reasons for their decision. A handsome woman and her young daughter entered a swell place one day and ordered an elegant luncheon. They were tastefully gowned and moneyseemed plentiful with them, and the waiter in attendance was unremitting in his attention. Finally he placed a small stand of toothpicks on the table. "Remove those instantly," said the elder woman, "it is a vulgarity I cannot tolerate. I would just as soon clean my teeth at a table as use a toothpick publicly."

"What a crank that woman was," sneered a pretty girl at a table close by, "maybe she was something like the honest country youth who when offered a finger bowl and napkin, replied, 'Thank you, but I done washed befo' I cum.'"

Value of City Playgrounds.

Playgrounds greatly lessen the juvenile mischief that often runs into crime. A noted lecturer says permanent playgrounds in cities are important moral helps and that the police department in London reported many years ago that crime was largely repressed by giving children a chance to work off their surplus energy in play. New York city made the same discovery, and not only provides sufficient playgrounds for the schools, but is rapidly adding to the number of small parks and open spaces in crowded places. Play for children presents itself to sociologists in these times as a natural right, the disregard of which runs up a heavy score against a community.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Former Predecessor.

The cook in a southern family was fat, black and 60, and a devoted church woman. A "laboring brother" in the same church, a widower with a dozen children, was so assiduous in his attentions that he could be seen haunting the kitchen at all hours. The mistress of the house finally said to the cook:

"I do hope you won't marry that old man, with all those children." "No, ma'am," was the reply; "I done been kitched in dat predicament once already," which was the first intimation that had been given, in a long service, that she was entitled to wear the weeds of widowhood.—Detroit Free Press.

"The Bubble Reputation."

"O Owl," said the Building, "you are Noted as a Person of Extending Wisdom; tell me how I also may acquire a Reputation."

"Reputations," replied the Owl, "are of two kinds. The less valuable Variety is obtained by doing some Work of your Own; but that Reputation which is far better is got by Hoisting at the Work which Others do. If you do but Croak as incessantly as I Hoot, your Reputation for Wisdom will grow until it is the Best."—Lippincott's Magazine.



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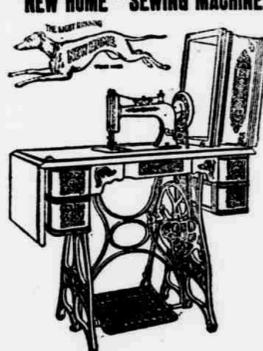
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RIGHT CHURCH, BUT WRONG PEW

Visitor Invades Sacred Precincts of House of Representatives.

How the doorkeepers of the House are able to carry in their memory the faces of all entitled to admission to the floor is a question which would be puzzling if it were pondered on, says the Washington Star. That they really do not do this, but depend largely upon the sense of propriety which possesses the great throngs of visitors in the Capitol corridors, was strikingly illustrated recently.

It was one minute to 12 o'clock, and Speaker Henderson had just made his way to the speaker's chair preparatory to opening the session, when his attention was attracted to a stranger coming in at the door directly in front of him. The man had successfully passed the guards at the door and was sauntering down the center aisle gazing about complacently. The curious look of Doorkeeper Will Forbis, and he hastened after the intruder, who looked the part of an ex-member or a member of the senate. He wore an iron-gray mustache, a silk hat and a Prince Albert suit, besides a prepossessing smile. When Forbis touched him on the arm and inquired who he was, he replied, "Oh, just visiting, my boy, just visiting."

"Well, that's all right, you are in the right church, but the wrong pew," replied Forbis. "You will have to go up in the gallery," and the visitor was hustled out at a lively gait just as the gavel fell.

CONTENTS OF A GIRL'S POCKET

Just a Few Things That Were Put Away in the Receptacle.

From time immemorial it has been understood that one can find almost anything in a boy's pocket. Funny writers and illustrators have had flings unnumbered at this particular object, but it is not recalled that any of them have devoted sufficient attention to that still more wonderful receptacle, a girl's pocketbook, which generally contains a conglomeration calculated to put a boy to the blush. A girl emptied her purse the other day. "I have to clean it out," she explained, "every once in a while, just as I do my bureau drawers." These are some of the things that were in it: Two \$1 bills, a 50-cent piece, two quarters, a 5-cent piece (lead) and ten pennies, a "lucky" Italian coin, a Japanese "pocket piece," two receipts, three bills, a parlor-car check, four street railway transfers, five mutilated stamps, a pencil stub, matinee coupon, three keys, newspaper clippings and a cleaner's check for gloves.

Syrian Coins in Brazil.

James W. O'Bannon, chief yeoman of the United States steamship Atlanta, recently found an old Syrian coin in Pernambuco, Brazil. It is of silver, about the size of an English shilling, with a raised king's head on one side, and on the other the figure of a woman sitting spinning with a distaff in her right hand. Upon her left and by the side of her chair is a horn of plenty.

The inscription each side of the woman is in old Greek text, and translated is "Demetrius Soter, King."

"In place of a date," writes Mr. O'Bannon, "are marks which cannot be perfectly translated by any Greek scholar I have consulted, but most all agree that these marks indicate the eighth year of the king's reign. If this be the case the coin is somewhat older than the Christian era, for King Demetrius ruled Syria before Christ was born."

Priest Proud of His Dog.

Bishop Deane of Albany, N. Y., is very proud of his dog Cluny, a massive St. Bernard now 10 years old. Not only has the prelate written a poem dedicated to the faithful creature, but he is never content when out of doors unless accompanied by Cluny. The bishop declares that he is the best behaved member of his race in the world. "He discredited himself once or twice in early life," says the reverend gentleman, "by indulging in a curious dislike of some individual dogs. Now, however, he is peaceable, very indifferent to most people, very discriminating as to his friends, giving an almost undivided affection to me, and to my two granddaughters, who have been his true lovers through all his life."

Honor Harrison's Memory

The decision of President Roosevelt to direct the secretary of war to have the new infantry military post at Indianapolis named "Fort Benjamin Harrison" meets with popular approval, not only in Indiana, but throughout the United States. It is understood in Washington that Gen. Miles originated the idea some time ago, it being his desire to name the Indianapolis arsenal in honor of the late president. When it was decided to abandon the arsenal the question of establishing a military post near Indianapolis and naming it "Fort Benjamin Harrison" was called to the president's attention and he approved of it immediately.

Castellane Family in Politics

The Castellane family of France will be well represented in the next house of deputies. Count Boniface, who needs no American introduction, was re-elected, and his brothers, Counts Jean and Stanislas, have also been elected. This is the first time that three brothers have been returned simultaneously, and has given occasion to the following expression from a ministerial organ in Paris: "As Napoleon carved kingdoms for his nephews, Count Boni is berthing his family in politics. This is a sad fact, worth noting."

GREAT PUGILIST AS A REFORMER

John L. Sullivan Gives Advice on Many Important Subjects.

John L. Sullivan has been giving some "good advice" to people who want to get on in the world. He says that the man who is a dead failure is a better adviser to others than a successful man, because he is a "warning" to others to avoid what brought him down. John gives this advice to young women: "I believe in athletic girls to the point that makes women strong physically, but I don't like to see a man-girl with no thoughts of home or domestic life. Take the advice of a rough adviser, such as I am, and give the great part of your sound health and physical perfection to a little home somewhere. I often think that we men might be better men sometimes if the others did a little more to make our home more pleasant. Society takes up so much time now that home suffers. I don't want any one to think I approve of polygamy, but I have thought at times that the average man who married ought to have two wives—one to keep his home and make it pleasant, and the other to attend to the social functions, which are so numerous nowadays."

WHAT THE NEIGHBORHOOD NEEDED

Benefits of a "Calf" Explained by Little Irishman.

Up in Harlem there is a little grocery store kept by an Irishman, whose conversation is a constant joy to at least one of his customers. It bubbles up continuously as a spring and is just as fresh and unstudied. The other day he was talking to the customer, who stood waiting while he artistically sliced a pound of bacon, about some building operations that were just being started in the next block.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "they're going to put up a the-ayter there. Good thing for this neighborhood. And the man that's doing it owns that vacant lot a-joinin', too, and when the the-ayter's finished he's going to build a big hotel and a calf."

"A what?" asked the startled customer.

"A calf," said the little grocer cheerfully. "Fine thing for the neighborhood. I've always thought it a pity we didn't have no good restaurant around here."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

"In the Garbage of a Monk."

They were conversing together on a West Madison street car, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. One was young and pretty; the other short, plump, and clearly past 40. Between the stops of the cable train snatches of what they said could be heard.

"—just know I never will fall in love," was the last part of a sentence uttered by the pretty girl as the clattering of the car ceased at one of the crossings.

"—solutely no doubt, but that you will, my dear," was next heard from she who was short and plump. The car was delayed by a broken wagon at this juncture, so that the rest of what the plump one said has been preserved for posterity. Here it is:

"Now I used to think the same way until one evening at a masquerade ball I met my future husband. I just loved him right on sight. Why, I couldn't help it, he looked so handsome. He was clothed in the garbage of a monk, and I rushed up to him and said, 'Exit homo.'"

Gave Back Undue Praise.

The story that the late William Black liked best to tell, says Harper's, was that of the luncheon given to him by a small party of American admirers just before he left New York on his return voyage. A certain American author of venerable age, whose acquaintance with English literature was probably more extensive than exact, presided at this entertainment, and in proposing Black's health, after referring to him as "the greatest of living novelists," he called upon the company to drink to their guest, "William Black, the author of 'Lorna Doone!'" It was characteristic of Black's good sense and freedom from vanity that in after years he not only delighted to tell the story in private, but repeated it once, at least, in public.

Migrants Had to Wait.

President O. R. Harriman of the Southern Pacific railroad, is no respecter of persons. One day he had appointments at his office with Millionaires John W. Mackey and H. E. Huntington, but before they arrived Mr. Harriman was engaged in conversation in his private office with a third person who had entered a few minutes before the magnates of finance. Those gentlemen were therefore compelled to wait until the close of the pending interview, which lasted a full hour. They were furious, but their business was important and they had no recourse but to wait. They stormed a little after they gained access to the presence they sought, but went away apparently mollified.

Life in London.

When Garvarel, the French artist who has just been commemorated in Paris, was in London over fifty years ago, he chose to live in St. Giles', frequented all the low dens of the city, took part in prize fights, rubbed shoulders with thieves and pickpockets, sent sketches which have earned a world-wide reputation to L'Illustration, and when he returned to Paris to continue his marvelous series of cartoons, he wrote that no one could have any idea of what constituted wealth and poverty, luxury and misery, who had not visited London.